He Is a Demagogue, but Believes in Himself-Patriotic in a Way, but on the Wrong Track. still inspiring the feet of the dancers when,

Correspondence of the Indianapolis Journal. rich and the poor. Now, as ever, they are in hand, the great freebooter strode heavthe problems of politics and statecraft. | fly through the ballroom." Since the time of Abraham it has been the custom of the rich to own much property and since before the time of Lazarus the nian demagogue: poor have possessed little of this world's goods. That always was, and it ever will be, so long as meum et tuum play a part in the affairs of men. It is easy to make the poor dissatisfied with their lot; envy is a noxious plant. In all the ages demagogues to excite prejudice against all rival adhave been active in arraying class against class; the poor against the rich. The Rome that withstood Pyrrhus, conquered Hannibal and sent her victorious legions to the Euphrates was alternately ruled by patrician oligarchy and plebelan mob. Sooner or later a Caesar was inevitable. But we order things better. Ours is a government of all the people by the people and for the people. We have no room for Caesars, though our demagogues are legion.

It was the memorable and pregnant year 1896-the closing days of the month of January. The people were in a state of discontent. Agitators were abroad in the land. Dr. Sangrado's practice was large. Dr. Fakir was everywhere. The mart was empty; the bay shipless. Only the strong arm and the stronger will of a strong man had crushed riot and anarchy at a great industrial and commercial center. Labor was idle; capital was in a panic. Coxey had marched a horde of vagrants to the capital of the country and what was a farce might have been a tragedy. Revolution would have come to any other land not dominated by Saxon blood and not subject to Saxon ideas and Saxon cus-

The Senate of the United States was sitting. A member new to that council chamber was to be heard. He was not unheralded. We are told that the party that persecuted Savonarola was happy in the dream that a Pope was to come who would reform all things and utterly extirpate simony in religion. He did not come; he has not come. And now we were told that a senator was to appear in the American Congress who would whip error and corruption off the face of the earth, uproot political simony and plant virtue in all our hearts, wisdom in all our minds, content in all our consciences, melody in all our throats and money-such as it was-in all our purses. Nobody seemed to know exactly how all these great blessings were to be accomplished, and there was some degree of curiosity as to the ways and means and no little skepticism as to re-

THE METHOD OF REFORM. Many years ago, down in Barren county, Kentucky, there lived John Lambirth, a fine old character, admirable in many particulars, despite his inveterate disposition to litigate his rights in courts of justice. One day, when he had been defeated in a lawsuit involving something less than \$10, he called to his adversary in the courtroom:

"Come outdoors, Motley; I want to tell

you how mean you are." And that was the method our Pope Angelica, from South Carolina, pursued in his grand performance of reform and disinfection, when he delivered his maiden speech in the Senate of the United States. Jan. 29, 1896. He told his colleagues how mean they were. He rebuked them for not applauding senatorial eloquence themselves, and for forbidding the galleries to applaud it. He declared that the government was in the hands of plutocrats-that the secretary of treasury was a Judas, the President the enemy of mankind, or words of that import. He reproached himself for permitting the people of South Carolina to cast the electoral vote of that State for Grover Cleveland in 1892. The speech was a long, rambling harangue and the text of it might have been the words of Sir Peter Teazle: "We live in a d-d wicked world, and the fewer we praise the better." He introduced the pitchfork as an instrument of statesmanship and of senatorial deliberation, and about all that could be made of the performance was that there was a man in the Senate whose probity would have sufficed to save Sodom had he

HAD HEARD OF HIM. He had been discussed from ocean to ocean. He had led a successful revolution | childhood. in his own State. He was no ordinary man. frank, so blunt, so abrupt, so brusque, as interpolated this sentence into that won- Then the young woman remembered her he. Perhaps Ben Butler had been no more | derful lecture on the tremendous Corsican: | dream. cordially hated by his enemies than he. In the Continental Congress Bee, Butler, | could be ascertained it would be found that Gladstone, Izard, Laurens, Motte, Pinckney | Napoleon Bonaparte was the direct lineal | and Rutlege had come from South Caro- descendant of some woods colt begotten by lina. In later Senates the Butlers, Gallard, Julius Caesar during some expedition of Hayne, Calhoun, Preston, McDuffle, Ham- | that hero into the isles of the Meditermond, Chestnut, Hampton and others had | ranean." made illustrious the State of South Carolina. For above a century these men, and such as they, ruled that State. It was not | childhood the story and the glory of Beliexactly an oligarchy; that is too harsh sarius. a term-it was a patriarchal system rather. It was an honest, cheap, pure government, without corruption and without scandal. Intelligence guided the council, and the counselors were too proud to stoop to a meanness. It was this system, common to nearly all slave States, that led Thomas Carlyle to give his sympathy to the South in the great struggle of 1861-65. No other age, no other clime, ever saw such a system and the world shall not look upon its

Tillman overthrew the establishment of more than two hundred years. Blue blood was deposed. The masses-the white masses-were made to see and feel their power. Perhaps it was only the mevitable sequence of Appomattex. The day of the "Cracker" was come, and though Tillman was neither Mirabeau nor Danton, he led a revolution as complete and its results far more stable than theirs. The speech that Tillman delivered in the Senate on the resolutions commemorative of the life and character of his dead colleague, John Laurens Manning Irby, is a remarkable production and will profit every reader. It is the history of the bloodless revolution of South Carolina. It relates how it came to be that old things passed away and all things were become new. It is folly to deny the man some extraordinary qualities.

WAVED HIS PITCHFORK. That January day, 1896, Tillman rose from his seat in the extreme rear row and with heavy tread marched down to the desk in the first row lately occupied by his predecessor-and it was no coincidence-and it was from that position that he huried his agrarian threatenings, thence he wielded his pitchfork. There was a large attendance on floor and in galleries. Always dignified, the Senate was now solemn. One

A STUDY OF MR. TILLMAN could but be reminded of the scene in another Senate thousands of years before knowledge that is stored in the tradition THE LITERARY OUTLOOK of poetic imagination, abounding bounded success, as did a succeeding verknowledge that is stored in the tradition of the little of when Marcus Papirius struck dead the pro- of the men who founded the American Refane Gaul who plucked his beard. And it | public and were the fathers of the greatest recalled another event recorded in more of the nations. modern history-Martin Schenk at Nym-

summer's night, and harp and viol were

on a sudden, in the midst of the holiday

groups, appeared the grim visage of Mar-

tin Schenk, the man who never smiled.

Clad in no wedding garment, but in armor

getic counselor; the attempt by rude

to them; the unscrupulous use of calumny

Cleon also boasted that he was the "un-

liness of the Athenian Assembly by a loud

tearing open his dress, slapping his thigh

the poet Longfellow, somewhere in his

and running about while speaking.

who loved him not, wrote:

Three orators in distant ages born,

Greece, Italy and England did adorn;

challenged and answered Campbell.

for him, the superior of Calhoun.

agogue? Certainly. But he believes it,

est of commonwealths, "The Cock of the

HE LEARNED PATRIOTISM

"I make no doubt that if the exact facts

There is a better theory than either. No

Be that as it may we can easily imagine

doubt Madame Mere told her son in his

The power of nature could no farther go;

WELSH RABBIT AND CATCHUP. "On the evening of Aug. 10, 1569, there

Fact and Speculation as to the Origin was a wedding feast in one of the splendid mansions of the stately city. The festiviof Two Disputed Names. ties were prolonged until deep in the mid- Rochester Post-Express.

At a post-theatrical luncheon the other night a discussion, characterized by a warmth which proved the strength of conviction, arose over two words whose use is so common that they are probably as often misspoken as any in the English language As usual, appeal was taken to the author!-WASHINGTON, Feb. 28.-There are the of proof, with morion on head and sword | ment of others and the doubt of a few. The ties, to the satisfaction of some, the amazetwo words which thus furnished food for argumentative flames were "catchup" and "Welsh rabbit." The discussion was by no sous who took part in it represented in intelligence, culture and information a large best words.

reputation as the straightforward, enerwas immediately challenged. "'Ketchup' bullying to hide from the people his slavery always," declared the challenger. "'Catchup' preferred," cried another. "Catsup" stood ground bravely, when fuel was thrown on the fire by the interjection of Welsh rabbit" as an example. rabbit' is a corruption of Welsh rarebit' was the vigorous assertion of an objector. hired advocate of the poor, and their pro- "It's a rare bit certainly," said another. tector and enricher by his judicial attacks And then somebody suggested the dictionaries. This is the judgment they rendered on "catchup vs. catsup:

Of his manner it is written that Cleon Three authorities unite in declaring preffirst broke through the gravity and seemword does away with the radical correctness of "catsup." Like most sauces, and violent tone and coarse gesticulation, catchup owes its origin to East Indian gastronomy. The original word is "kitjap." The Standard dictionary says that "catchup" is preferable and adds: "Written also Who would rather be Cleon than Nicias? | 'catsup' and 'ketchup.' " Webster gives Why would rather be Tillman than Cleve- preference to "catchup" with "catsup" sec- publishing houses have informed the readond and "ketchup" third. The Century declares for "catchup" and then "ketchup" Again, it might have been reflected that | and adds: "Written also 'catsup' and 'katsup.' " Three authorities, therefore, shelves of the booksellers with their volunite in preferring "catchup" as the proper writings, hazards the thought that the form in best usage.

But "Welsh rabbit" is a little different. devil would not be if God did not have says that the word has a jocular origin, Perhaps there were those who thought like "Munster plums," a kind of scrapple and points out that the "derivation from of Hume Campbell and his pitchfork speech 'rarebit' given by Grose and other old dicin the English Commons a century and a tionaries is now considered erroneous." The half before. It, too, was coarse invective, Century is far more emphatic. It says: "A Two scores of electrically operated presses term of jocular origin, formed after the turn out 40,000 complete magazines in a day. but there was one there to challenge him and to answer him-one of whom, a man etc. Owing to an absurd notion that the often so written." Webster is a little less positive: "Probably accorruption of 'Welsh The first in loftiness of thought surpass'd. | rare bit,' but perhaps merely a humorous

The next in language; but in both the last; It is only fair to state, however, that the best usage, which in the end determines the To make the third she joined the other form and correctness of speech and writing, vious. Our language is full of terms, es-Pity it is there was none in the Senate to | pecially those which designate articles of challenge Tillman and answer him as Pitt word under consideration. Any Down-The most dignified of American senators | Easter will tell you that a "Cape Cod turcame from South Carolina. He was an ideal statesman, an ideal man. In him was Roumorous name for a delicious dish comman grandeur and Spartan virtue, the one posed of codfish, red beets, boiled potatoes and "drawn-butter gravy." Sometimes one more admirable presiding officer than Aaron Burr or John C. Breckinridge. He the same lines, a "Yorkshire pudding" is no looked and acted and spoke and was the pudding at all in our sense of the word and "Scotch woodcock" is never brought down senator, the statesman, the sage. His vision was clearer than Webster's, if his

For some unknown reason, perhaps on horizon was more circumbscribed. And he account of a certain forgetfulness in the matter of truces or promises in the old days | for the novels of twenty years ago. Truly of border fights, anything that was par- | we are living in an age of elctro-magnetic of whom Clay and Webster were the other | ticularly doubtful or ridiculous was branded two. We cannot imagine what Lowndes as "Welsh." The derivation of "Welsh rabbit" follows obviously. Of course, it may be would have become if he was, as claimed a corruption of "rare bit." but, as a thousand other delicacies are just as much "rare bits" why should this particular one be Tillman is the least dignified of senators, singled out as a "Welsh rare bit?" Why he least conventional, a small edition of should not the noble plum pudding be an O'Connell, an illiterate Ingalls, a more "English rare Bit?" Or the purely American virile and less fluent Bryan, a more audabuckwheat cake a "Yankee rare bit" 'Rare bit" will probably be printed on cious and more zealous Blackburn. A demrestaurant menus and used by persons who consider it a mark of super-refinement, but | the real lover of honest old English will all of it, and more, too. If the man had the order his "Welsh rabbit" with a boldness genius and the eloquence of Mirabeau he and straightforwardness which comes alone would be more than Richelleu or Bismarck. from knowledge of the right-and a trusty | best writers of all time have felt the com-Could either of these have made the proud- | digestion.

A WEIRD TALE.

Elijah Hise, one of the giants of a for-How Did the Seaweed Get Into the mer generation, used to employ expletives Room? to emphasize an argument. Tillman sometimes laughs, but it is laughter without Boston Herald. mirth. It startles, it grates, and is as

Harlan as merriment is from menace. There it has not yet been embodied in any work woman of his acquaintance, which, while was one of the greatest of popular orators of fiction, at least gives evidence of imaginative powers and may be considered later. lost to the people when Harlan went on the young woman spent her summers at an old Marshfield farmhouse, the windows of which had an outlook on the ocean. She had a fad, of course, and it was the collec-In a speech not a great while ago, and tion of various kinds of seaweed. Accorda very good speech it was, Tillman told how as a child he stood beside his mother's of a storm-tossed mariner who came and knee and heard from her lips the story of going on a search for treasure lost at a cerseventy-six and the glorious part South tain point in the Indian ocean. The dream Carolina played in that magnificent trag- passed and the morning came. The young edy. It is an old, old story, that of seventyshe noticed a small pool of water which six, and has been told again and again at brella near the fireplace. In the pool floated heaven-favored land, and that old story she had never seen before. She could not did much to make the men who were the account for it, but it was carefully preblue and the gray. That Roman matron | served in a specimen book. Not long after liners. Among her fellow-passengers was a professor in one of the English universities. cular, athletic, one-eyed, that he was from | wouldst thou have done and saved thy | and an acquaintance was formed between South Carolina and his name Ben Tillman. | husband so much sweat," had, and let us | the two. The professor shared to a cerbelieve has, her prototype in millions of one day she was turning over the leaves of The Senate had heard much of this man. American homes. Every man must think her specimen book in his company. Coming to the specimen so strangely acquired the pound rules of diet and training than for tion, which was really no deception at all." better of Tillman for that glimpse of his Somebody accounted for the genius of manifest interest. She told him as well as He only lacked genius to be a very great | Napoleon because his swaddling robe was | Could be "It is strange," said the pro- | He makes the modest claim that last year | The Real Function of the Drama Is to man. He was a man of marked and pro- tapestry in which were woven figures de- that variety that I have seen. The only nounced individuality. Perhaps not Ben picting scenes from the siege of Troy. Tom other one that I know of is preserved in Tappan, nor Thad. Stevens, had been so Marshall had another theory. One night he seldom visited point in the Indian ocean." character, and tells how to prepare essays,

Give a man a boat he can sail:

And his rank and his wealth, his strength and On sea nor shore shall fail. Give a man a pipe he can smoke, Give a man a book he can read;

And his home is bright with a calm delight, Though the room be poor indeed. As I, O my Love, love thee

And his heart is great with the pulse of Fate. At home, on land, on sea. -James Thomson.

A SYMPATHETIC WIFE. Mrs. Pugilist-Doctor, when will my poor dear husband be well enough

SAVOYARD. LIFE OF A BOOK TO-DAY COMPARED TO ITS LIFE TWENTY YEARS AGO.

> Growing Love for Books-New Prince of Literary Hacks-Andrew Carnegie as an Author.

Correspondence of the Indianapolis Journal. NEW YORK, Feb. 27.-The life of a book is placed on sale at the remarkable low to-day, as compared with the life of a book | price of 10 cents a copy. The price was fixed twenty years ago, is just one-half. The by the author at the cost of production, it Readers of Thucydides might have re- means new in subject or substance and is statement is made by a well-known London being his desire to give his defense as wide verted to the picture of Cleon, the Athe- | Worthy of comment only because the per- | publisher who has been making extended | a circulation as possible. As a contrast to | fair postulate that art is not bound to reinvestigations, and there seems to be no a book which glorifies warfare as this one "We see plainly the effort to keep up a class of society who would use only the reason for doubting his conclusions. There dees, Ernest Crosby's "Captain Jinks, is a perfectly logical reason for this, and Hero," should be sufficient. It is a satire only the confirmed pessimist will conclude on militarism, and one of the chief charthat the books of to-day are only half as acters in the volume is Kaiser Wilhelm. good as those of two decades ago. There The publishers expect the book to stir up were fewer novels-indeed, it would be something of a sensation, because it will be more exact to say that there were few issued just about the time of Prince Hennovels-in those days. Almost any bound ry's visit to this country. It was said that volume would be popular for a year; some- | the author objected to this plan, because times it took longer than that to make the he feared it would subject him to severe fact of its having been published known, criticism, but the publishers reply that, and that is what the term publishing | since the book was in hand long before the erence for "catchup." The origin of the should indicate. To-day conditions have so visit of the German prince was contemchanged that the issue of a book may be | plated, they see no reason for delaying its made practically simultaneous in all parts | issue now. of the country. Even before the works are ready for the market the enterprising publicity experts connected with the various ing public that their wares are forthcoming, and the salesmen will have filled the umes before the stipulated date of publication. The publishing of books nowadays has some beneficent purpose to subserve by Origin is the vital point here. The high reached the stage of an exact science. By a courts thus give judgment: The Standard | visit to the pressroom of a modern magazine one can foresee the manner in which bound volumes of novels will be given to the public in the course of a few years. fashion of 'Norfolk capon,' a red herring. Folding and binding machines prepare the 'rabbit' in the phrase is a corruption of various forms for their proper place in the sist in the operation. Yards of floor space are piled high with the completed product, and every day huge trucks carry away heavy loads of mail sacks to the postoffices for distribution. So exactly is everything | Deception that Is Not Deception When favors "Welsh rabbit," The reason is ob- | timed that on the morning set for publication every subscriber has his copy or it food, whose origin is precisely like that as- may be purchased on any news stand in signed by the "Century" dictionary to the the country, no matter how remote. Even in London and many of the larger towns key' has nothing to do with the gracious of England the identical copy may be had ord of Thanksgiving day, but is simply a on the appointed day, such is the systetribution. It is no wonder, then, that the hears it applied to the codfish alone. Along | novels of to-day are fortunate if they have a run of popularity extending over three months, and the London publisher who made the comparisons gave them six

> And yet, in spite of all this, there is a growing number of genuine book lovers; tween handsome covers and put together jority of men to possess at least a few looks mad panionship which books alone give. It was said of Southey, who spent all his life among books, that during the last few his library, lifting out this and that favorite and putting each one back with the greatest care. "I can keep my appreciation of them while I live," he said, "and love them until I die.'

A controversy has lately arisen among English authors and publishers as to whether books are better printed in Engthe authors claim that the publishers of their own country are far behind their American rivals in the production of tasteful and attractive books, and, naturally enough, the publishers deny any such conget their books in a more attractive form, but the large amount of books turned out than their popularity with the readers. If library it is generally necessary to have it | eyes.

seems likely to pass to another, an Engtain extent her interest in seaweeds, and lishman, who, heretofore, has been known him, and hears her say. "Then I shall take more for his ability to play tennis and ex- that one,' he feels justified in using decepprofessor uttered an exclamation. "How his capacity to write many books. Mr. did you come by that?" he asked, with a Eustace H. Miles is the gentleman's name. fessor. "That is the second specimen of he wrote twenty books. Most of these are said to be on training or eating. The last lectures, etc. When Mr. Miles has nothing else to do he dashes off articles for the newspaper press. At the present time there are a series of these running in England to be gained in no other way. Cervantes and the United States. Of course, this newspaper work is afterwards made use of for volumes of books, but as each book is which resulted in his consummate ability. supposed to contain 40,000 to 50,000 words at least, it may be seen that the author is a busy man. Mr. Miles's regular occupation is that of instructor in King's College, Cambridge. At the present time he is encollaboration with E. F. Benson, the au- plot was precise and well developed, the thor of "Dodo" and several other novels. Mr. Benson himself is a well-known athlete, and Mr. Miles, the coming champion all round literary back, now holds the honor of champion amateur tennis player of England and America. Some of his literary methods may be understood upon reading his last book, just published in this country. At intervals in the volume the author has inserted rhymes (evidently his own) for the direction of the beginner. The following will serve to illustrate: Don't write, but first think out your aims. Your public and the topic's claims.

Define by contrast, illustrations, examples and exaggerations. Use general list, objections, state. And meet; but don't exaggerate.

Collect main headings: then collect sub-

heauings; underline reject. Ideas should be the author's own, seen clear by his own eyes, Free from wrong aims, omissions, bias, fallacies and lies.

Music and balance, contrasts, tropes and rhetoric should be seen. Then punctuation, grammar, language, where good use is queen.

Give evidence, points of view and fallacies (alas!); Geography and public works-the folk of every class.

The publishing season is really beginning another strenuous session. Within the next week scores of spring books will be placed on the shelves of the dealers. Already the increase of advertising matter in the literary journals is evidence of a coming busy period for the bookmen. Of the books just published, Mr. Stephen Phillips's "Ulysses" is attracting the most attention from a purely literary standpoint. Those who have read it carefully declare that it is a spl

strength of a wonderful talent." Frank R. Stockton's "Kate Bonnet" and a new novel | Macgregor," the stage version of which by Francis Hodgson Burnett are among the first of the new books, and these will be followed shortly by Mary Johnston's his first opportunity of making a strong "Audrey" and Conan Doyle's "Hound of the Baskerville's." Of these books, doubtless, Dr. Doyle's book will take the lead in | of the generation. "The Heart of Midpoint of sales, because there are so many admirers of Sherlock Holmes waiting to read more of the adventures of their hero. Dr. Doyle's remarkable defense of the English government in their conduct of the Boer war has just been issued. It is a book of some forty or fifty thousand words and

Andrew Carnegie, it would seem, is dividing his time between writing checks for libraries and writing books. At any rate, another volume from his pen-or from his secretary's typewriter-will appear shortly The volume will be called "The Province of Business," or something of the kind and coming from such a successful man of business, doubtless there will be many who will want to read the book. In a recent address before the Authors' Club in New York, Mr. Carnegie said that he had been twice blackballed by the organization before finally being admitted. On the first occasion he thought the reason was that thor of the book he claimed, and the seccould be both rich and a good author. HERBERT BREWSTER.

ONE WAY TO SELL BOOKS.

It Pleases Customers.

Washington Post. "I often wonder if other stores have cusours are?" said a book clerk of many years' experience. "Here is a case in

He picked up a prettily bound prayer book and hymnal. "Now look at this," he continued. "Swell,

isn't it? Yes, but if you know anything about books you can guess its selling price; this is marked \$1.75. Now any blind man | ple hearts leaves an impression more beauought to see that this is covered with leatherette and ought to know that you don't buy books bound in morocco every or 'Jane Eyre' or 'Adam Bede.' The author day for anything like the price this sells of 'Tess' is so sensitive to all manifestaat. But let some of our lady customers come in after a prayer book and hymnal, us words in such a light that we thought and this is the way it goes:

"After the usual preliminaries she says: "'I must have something real nice; not anything cheap, you know. "You immediately hand her a genuine morocco-covered Oxford-say one that is silk-sewed and printed on India paper. It sells for \$10. She glances at it hastily and

"'My, I don't want anything so trashy looking as that. Haven't you something a great deal prettier and much nicer?" "You shake your head and try to explain; she does not listen to a word you say. She s awfully disappointed and is about to leave the store when she spies a flashy covered book like the one I showed you. 'Ch,' she says, 'why there is one just like I want. Let me see that one, please?"

"You hand her the book that sells for \$1.75, and as she opens it she does not observe that it cracks when opened flat or that it lacks the smell of genuine leather. She is visibly delighted with her find. "'What a beautiful little book; it must be awfully expensive. What do you ask for

" 'One dollar and seventy-five cents." "The look of delight leaves her face and "'Oh, dear! Isn't it a shame; too awfully mean for anything. And to think that it is just the kind I had my heart set on. I could

"Very much disappointed, she shoves the book back at you. At this stage of the game the inexperienced clerk places the book back on the shelf, and the lady leaves the store. But the old clerk, made wise by past experience, who believes it is better to from our binderies will not last longer sell something than nothing, takes the look in. The English editors, it seems, book in his hands lovingly, and, with the | have a higher sense of their duty to literlook of a Solomon, sniffs its leatherette ature one desires to keep a book for years in his cover. The lady looks on with anxious

'Of course, it is only imitation leather?' she asks, hoping against hope that you will disagree with her. Again the old clerk knows it is up to him to be wary. "'Good leather cannot be successfully imitated,' he says, impressively. "Then, as the clerk sees the lady beam on

NOVELS AND PLAYS.

Portray Life.

Modern Culture.

Playwriting in the days of old was looked upon as the proper schooling for the successful novelist, because it gave him a knowledge of character drawing which was underwent this preliminary study. It was it is extremely doubtful whether he could Fielding's early training for the theater get into the magazines. Scott was the first author who, after having achieved success as a novelist, witnessed the stage concoction-to use Garrick's term-of his themes. The Waverley novels, with their dramatic features and I saw an old man close his eyes animated dialogue, opened up a ready field gaged on a library of sports, working in for stage adapters. As a usual thing, each character consistent, the details of local | And I thought of the years that lay betweenand contemporary knowledge affluent and of the darkness and the doubt; accurate. "Guy Mannering," produced at But God is good-there is peace at the gate, and contemporary knowledge affluent and Covent Garden on March 12, 1816, as an operatic play in three acts, met with un-

"The Witch of Derncleugh." "Rob Roy was made by Pocock, an experienced dramatist, was produced at Covent Garden on March 12, 1818, and it afforded Macready bid for popularity-that popularity which comes at the call of genius; the play was produced more times than any other play "Children of the Mist." "Kenilworth" and "The Maid of Judah" followed in succession, as fast as they were issued from the press.

The dramatizing of popular novels brings up the question of morality again. In the first place, the adapter must sacrifice much that was artistic in the book and substitute the conventionalities of the stage; discussions of a religious or a theological nature must be omitted; certain social problems which, in the novel, have been dealt with, with all the nakedness of realism, must be recast to meet the requirements of the stage. It has been pointed out as spect morals. The statement is true to a certain extent. Some years ago Dr. Lyman Abbott preached a sermon on this subject, and its salient points are worth remem-1. It is not the function of the drama to

teach moral lessons. 2. A moral lesson neither makes no

mars either a drama or a novel. 3. The moral quality of a play does not depend upon the result. 4. The real function of the drama is like that of the novel-not to amuse, not to excite, but to portray life, and so to minister to it. And as virtue and vice, goodness and evil, are the great fundamental facts of life, they must, in either serious story or serious play, be portrayed. If they are so portrayed that the vice is alluring and the virtue repugnant, the play or story is immoral. If they are so portrayed that the vice is repellent and the virtue alluring, the play or story is moral.

Qualities of Fiction.

New York Evening Sun. A contributor to the Academy of London, in an article on the English and French novelists of the nineteenth century, denies all romantic feeling and "instinct for beauty" to Jane Austen, Dickens and Thackeray. "In reading their novels," he says, "we have a sense of being shut up in a world where beauty, like the French journalist's God, 'lacks actuality.' Charlotte and Emily Bronte began to rediscover romance, and George Eliot completed the discovery. She doubly uplifted the novel, it was suspected that he was not the au- and in the variety of her qualities she alone compares with the French novelists. The latter, in addition to being novelists, had a | Cincinnati express, s ond time he was rejected because no man | way of being also dramatists, poets and critics. "In George Meredith, for the first time

> in the history of English fiction, we have, he says elsewhere, "a writer who is both a great poet and a great novelist; we have the genuine man of letters. To speak with absolute freedom of the living, in this connection, would be inadvisable and also useless, but one may assert that Meredith brought something to the English novel which it had lacked. He gave it stark intellect and radiant beauty; he gave it real culture. And his prose goes no longer afoot but mounted on a flaming steed. You feel in reading him at his best the truth of Mr. Arthur Symon's recent restatement that the essential difference between poetry and prose is merely metre. In Thomas Hardy we have a force less agile, less fine, but more powerful, and certainly more original. 'Far from the Madding Crowd,' faulty as it is, conquered new ground. In The Woodlanders' and 'Tess' this terrible and somber brooding over nature and simtiful in its sadness, more tyrannous in its poignancy than any to be derived from-(we may as well be candid)-'Vanity Fair' tions of beauty that his stories are steeped in beauty as in a fluid. Stevenson showed we had never seen them before. He finally extinguished the old get-it-out-anyhow tradition; he put an end to the awful slovenliness of English composition. He taught the love of beauty in words. He also, we think, wrote the first really great short story since 'Wandering Willie's Tale' in 'Red Gauntlet.'

The Sins of the Modern Magazine.

There is some truth in the complaints that have been urged recently against the American popular magazine. It doesn't need an eagle eye to detect in some of them a Philistine tendency to go in for yellow journalism-to print articles on what John L. Sullivan thinks of the Westminster Confession, or how Santos-Dumont regards the situation in the Philippines. This sort of flamboyant incongruity might as well be left to the yellow press. But it is in the matter of fiction and poetry that the most serious charges are made. Many writers complain that the big magazines are mere business ventures, trading on reputations, entertaining no story that has not a famous name behind it. They do not pretend to encourage literature in the creeping stage and consequently they fail to recognize it when it begins to walk.

Sometimes it is the people who uncover a genius; more often it is the newspaper; frequently it is the English magazine America had the first offer of Rudyard Kipling's budget, but it was only when London took him up that New York had a The American magazine is said to be

cursed with utilitarianism. No author can

get a hearing unless he is willing to exploit some local pecularity, ethnical type, historical event or geographical curiosity. One man illumines the Middle West, another throws side lights on Timbuctoo, a third has a message about the Thibetan yogi. The underlying idea is, of course, that the public should get information in capsules. UNION TRACTION CO. OF INDIANA But it hitches no wagon to a star. It puts fancy in the shafts to draw a load of bricks. On this principle Shakspeare, Goethe, Plato and such universal geniuses would be left entirely out of a modern magazine. Thank heaven, however, the exthinking the public always satisfied with corn beef and cabbage.

As for poetry, the average magazine still harbors the delusion that it is merely intended to fill out the page and balance the INDIANAPOLIS & GREENFIELD RAPID make-up. The poet is mostly kept down to the sonnet form. If some mute inglorious American Milton, with a L'Allegro in his pocket, should appear in New York

The Coming and the Going.

I heard a mother croon to her child A song as I wandered by, A song that would sing the stars to sleep In the cradle of the sky.

In restful sleep-God send As sweet a rest for my weary frame When I come to my journey's end.

When a soul goes in or out. -Jean Mohr, in the Era.



Mother-What are you doing with the cruet stand, Wille? Willie-Playin' barber, an' I'm givin' Tommie a shampoo

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